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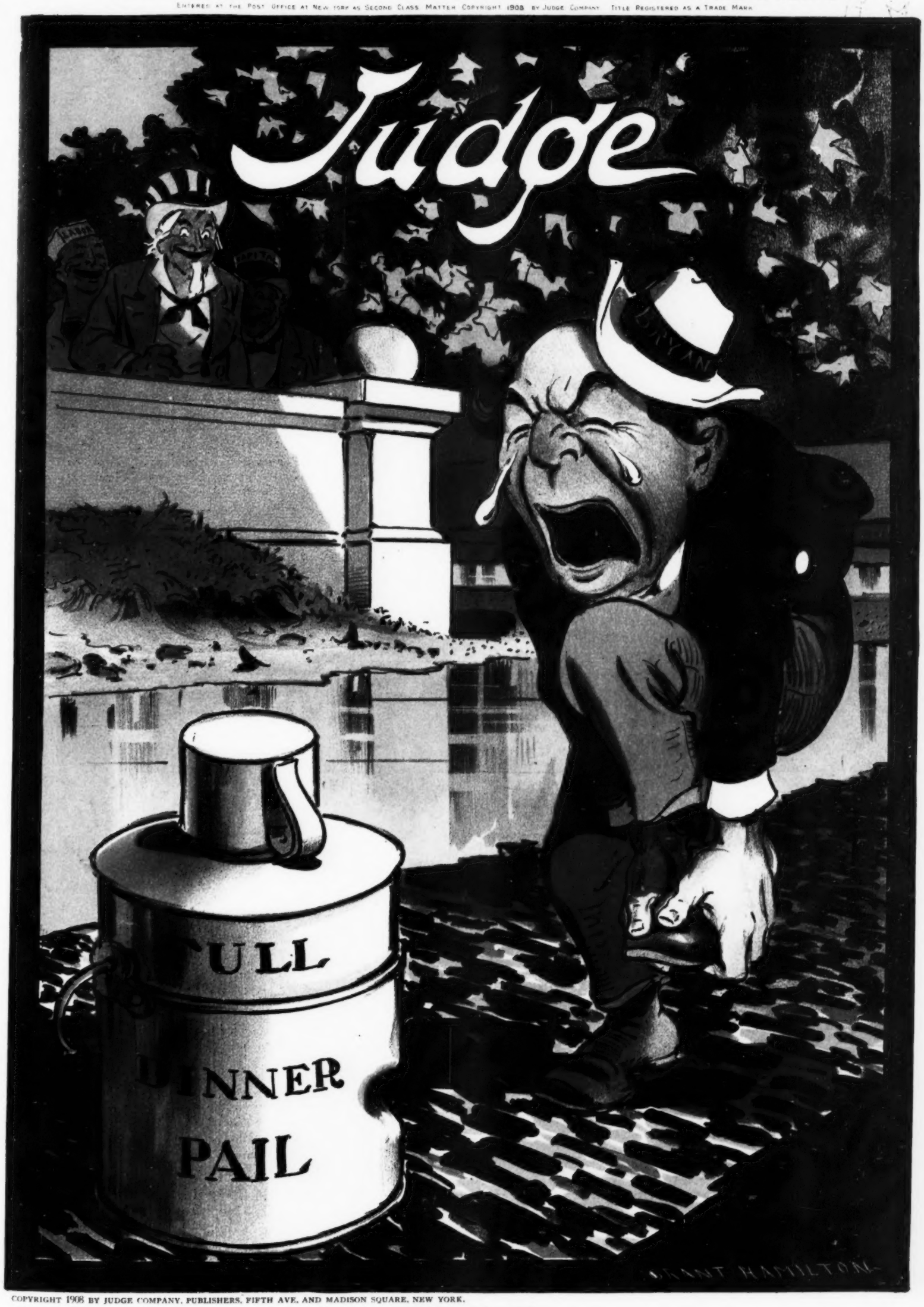

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APRIL FOOL.

HE THOUGHT IT WAS EMPTY

Judge

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CHEER UP, EVERETT AND BERKELEY!

THE cover cartoon on our issue of February 29th was, as our readers may recall, emblematic of the Pacific coast's reception to our fleet. Among the figures that typified the various cities adorning our western slope, how can it be that a fair damsel bearing the label "Everett" was not "among those present"? She was certainly invited. It is our impression that she had momentarily stepped off the page to refresh herself with a ham sandwich, and at that psychological moment we went to press. Such carelessness! And we are properly reproved by the following telegram: "Everett, Washington, March 4th. Note clever cartoon of February 29th. Couldn't find Everett; must we go to Walla-Walla or Spokane to welcome the fleet? Plenty of water and wine here. What more does the navy want? F. K. Baker, President Chamber of Commerce." Surely it is no hardship to go to Walla-Walla or Spokane! We should enjoy the trip ourselves—but of course we have never known the grief of leaving Everett. Blow number one in the solar plexus. Now comes a knock-out in the form of a letter from the able secretary of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce. Says he, "Your cover cartoon resembles a production of Hamlet with all the characters except that of the Dane himself. We realize, of course, that New York knows or cares little about the rest of the world, save what they may read in the market or police reports; yet it seems sad that your artist, wandering through our California rose garden, should have missed the prize exhibit of the Pacific coast." It is hard to resist publishing the rest of this letter, yet we fear that we might be accused of accepting a retainer from the commercial body of that energetic garden spot. Please forgive us, both of you. JUDGE has been accused of many sins, but never of provincialism. It is national, and if you, on the opposite side of the periphery, have a kick coming, then kick and do us the justice of watching for results.

. . .

SUB ROSA.

THESE subterranean means
Seem unto us most fitting
(In judgment gravely sitting)
When buying submarines.

. . .

CONUNDRUM.

WHY is the next President of the United States like a prehistoric monster?

DON'T LOOK AT THE HOLE; KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE DOUGHNUT.

THAT DOUGHNUT OF OURS.

NOT IN any egotistic spirit, but in response to a general inquiry, we reproduce in black-and-white the above cartoon which occupied our centre pages a few weeks ago. At the recent Real Estate Exchange dinner in Boston, on March 3d, where Secretary Taft was the guest of honor and every Massachusetts man of note of either party was there to welcome him, this picture was taken as the text by those who spoke. The extent to which it has received comment in other parts of the union has been surprising, and the request for it in some reproducible form has been widespread. Here it is; and we add this editorial comment at the risk of too much display of the personal pronoun, with the greater readiness because the cartoon so well represents the whole attitude of JUDGE in these times. JUDGE is optimistic, not from policy, but from conviction. He knows that all conditions which make for prosperity now exist; he admits that business is not at its best, but only because there are not enough fellow-optimists ready to live up to their convictions. If you are a business man get our issue of February 22d and hang the doughnut where it will meet the eye of every visitor.

HE HAD AN INTEREST.

AT THE time the first suffragettes were arrested in London there was a big mass-meeting of their sympathizers. Many speeches expressing various degrees of indignation and horror were made, but it was left for Mr. Cobden-Sanderson to reach the climax of feeling.

He declared, in vehement tones, "I will pledge myself to give ten pounds for every day my wife stays in jail!"

AFTER THE FAILURE.

Expert accountant—"Did you not keep a cash-book?"

Cashier—"No; the money went out so soon after it came in that we could not enter it."

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

UNRELIABLE HISTORY.

HERCULES had wrestled the Nemean lion, destroyed the Lernean hydra, captured the Arcadian hind and the boar of Erymanthus, captured the Cretan bull and the man-eating mares of Diomedes, seized the girdle of Hippolyte, brought the oxen of Geryones from Erythia and the golden apples from the gardens of the Hesperides, and carried Cerberus from Hades to the upper world, when a messenger boy rushed into his presence with a telegram urging him to proceed at once to Washington and accept a place in a strenuous President's cabinet.

"Not on your life!" roared Hercules as he beat a hasty retreat toward the fastnesses of Mount Œta. "I know my limit."

AFRAID OF HIS NEW TROUBLE.

Mistress—"How is Uncle Mose, Dinah?"

Dinah—"I don't 'zackly know, missus. De feber is gone, but de doctah says he's done got de converlessons now."

CAN HE FILL THE DINNER-PAIL?

L'ENVOI OF THE EARLY RISERS.

(With due apologies.)

WHEN the last day's work has been finished
And the end of our labors has come,
When the jangling of bells shall be silent,
And the shrieking of whistles be dumb,
"We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it."
Though our beds be narrow and strait,
We shall sleep without thought of the time-card
And no one shall growl if we're late.

Then they that have had to rise early
May slumber as long as they will,
And they that were late to their couches
May sleep a few more minutes still.
Their dreams shall be of their choosing,
No matter how great or how small,
But none shall be troubled by nightmare
And no one shall call them at all.

And none shall be guilty of snoring
And keeping his neighbor awake,
And never a strident alarm-clock
Be allowed on his slumbers to break.
But each for the joy of the sleeping,
And each in his separate nest
Shall just get up when he's ready,
When he feels he's had enough rest.

MARY MORTON.

"DON'T BE TOO CARELESS WITH THAT STICK, MY SON."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.
ESTELLE LOOMIS, WITH THE VIOLA ALLEN COMPANY, IN "IRENE WYCHERLY."

With the whimsicalest features,
She's the winningest of creatures;
In the play of "Love" she'll always have a part.
But although she's sweet and kissable,
It's really not permissible—
The little witch is wedded—to her art!

HE MET HIS MATCH.

HE WAS engaging a new stenographer, and he bit off his words and hurled them at her in a way to frighten any ordinary girl out of her wits.

"Chew gum?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Talk slang?"

"No, sir."

"Make goo-goo eyes at the fellows when you're not busy?"

"No, sir."

"Know how to spell such words as 'cat' and 'dog' correctly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Chin through the telephone half a dozen times a day?"

"No, sir."

"Usually tell the office force how much the firm owes and all the rest of its private business you learn?"

"No, sir."

He was thinking of something else to ask her when she took a hand in the matter and put a few queries.

"Smoke cheap cigars when you're dictating?" she asked.

"Why—er—no," he gasped in astonishment.

"Take it out of the stenographer's hide when you've had a scrap at home and got the worst of it?"

"Cer-certainly not!"

"Slam things around and swear when business is bad?"

"N-never."

"Lay for your employés with a club when they get caught in a block some morning?"

"No, indeed."

"Think you know enough about grammar and punctuation to appreciate a good stenographer when you get one?"

"I—I think so."

"Want me to go to work, or is your time worth so little that"——

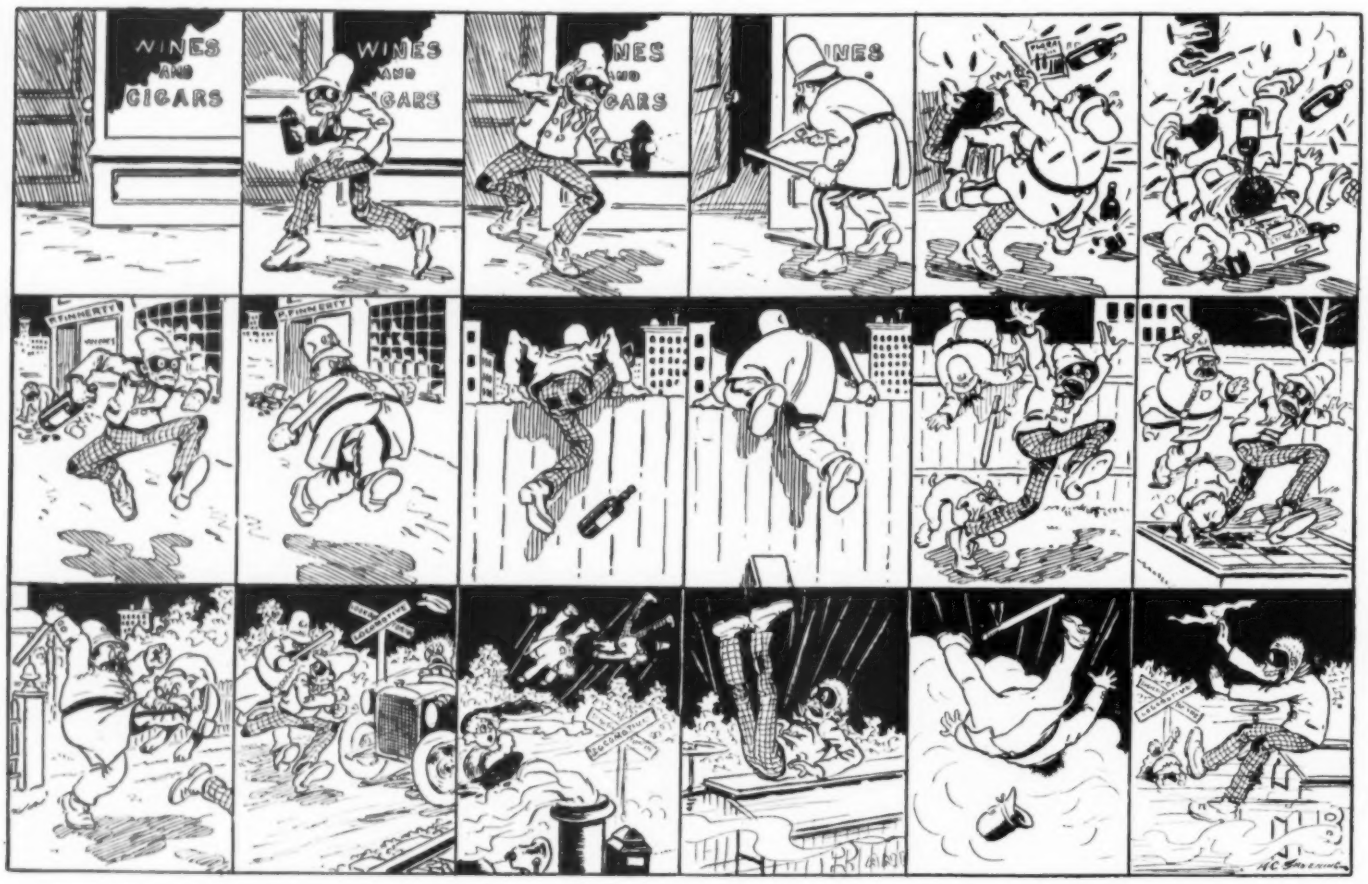
"You bet!" he broke in enthusiastically. "Kindly hang up your things and let's get at these letters."

A. B. LEWIS.

HIGH FINANCE.

Aunt Delia Black—"So de jury gave Miss Snoflaike ten dollars damages in dat breach-ob-promise case ag'in Jim Johnsing?"

Deacon Brown—"Yes; but Jim got even. He married her an' borrowed it right back."



JUDGE'S SKIDOOASCOPE.
"The Bold, Bad Burglar."

LIVING ON THE REST OF HIS FAMILY.

NEFARIOUS.

THERE was a young gent temerarious,
Who developed a talent burglarious.
He got caught in the strife,
And he now leads a life
Which is simple, but far from precarious.

THE MEANING OBVIOUS.

Teacher—"What is the meaning of the phrase, 'A well-read man'?"

The usual silence when, after a short while, Stub McGuff raises his hand.

Teacher—"Well, Mr. McGuff, what is the meaning?"

Stub—"A healthy Indian."

MASONS, TAKE NOTICE.
"An accident on the square."

THE WORK.

"SNAP!" went the cables,
"Crack!" went the chains;
Down dropped the scaffolds,
Down broke the cranes.

Big Tim, the foreman,
Swore like a Turk:
"Hold hard, ye lubbers!
Stand by the work!

"Stand by the work!
Sure, there's nothing to fear for.
Stand by the work!
What are tackle and gear for?
Stand by the work!
Ah-h, what else are ye here for?
Stand by the work!"

Up go your bubbles,
Down go your schemes;
"Crash!" fall your castles,
"Puff!" go your dreams.
Fin may desert you;
Friends only shirk.
Stamp on your trouble!
Stand by the work!

Stand by the work!
There's no manhood in crying.
Stand by the work!
There's no profit in dying.
Stand by the work!
All disaster defying,
Stand by the work!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

HONEST ALL AROUND.
"Annie, do you *scald* the baby's bottles every time?"
Annie (earnestly)—"Indade, an' Oi do, ma'am, jist loike ye told me. Oi wouldn't desave ye. Oi'm jist th' same behoind as Oi am befure."

CAUTIOUS.

"SIR!" she said excitedly, approaching the teller's window in the bank, "I am informed that a check I sent out the other day has been returned, marked 'No funds.' What does that mean?"

"It simply means, madam," responds the courteous teller, "that we couldn't pay the check. There are no funds to pay it. You already have an overdraft of sixty dollars."

"And you can't pay the check?"

"No, madam. As I say, you have an overdraft of sixty dollars, and we"——

"Well, young man, I'll say this for you. At least you are honest, and it is very kind of you to tell me of the condition of the bank. I will take my overdraft and put the sixty dollars on deposit elsewhere."

TAXIMETRICAL.

THE taxicab is far too square
To overtax the taxifare;
But who is brave enough to skip
The taxicabby's taxitip?

ATONEMENT.

"SISTER SHUFFLEM," says the deacon's wife, "I am pained to hear that your husband played poker the other night and won a sum of money, and that you encouraged him in his wickedness by accepting his winnings from him. I have called to speak to you about it, and to reason with you as to"——

"Wait a minute, Sister Cantby," interrupts Mrs. Shufflem. "It is true that John Henry went and played poker and won twenty dollars and forty cents, and that I took the money he won, but I did it to teach him a lesson. I wouldn't allow a husband of mine to keep such ill-gotten gains. And I have spent the money for prizes for the bridge party I am going to give this week. You'll be here, won't you?"

"Indeed I shall, of course. I'm glad, Sister Shufflem, that you have taught your husband such a valuable lesson."

A FITTING DESIGN FOR THE AUTO ROAD-HOG.
Approved by the farmers in general.

AGONY.

First bridge player—"What made Mrs. de Fitt act so strangely during that last hand?"

Second bridge player—"She had the ace up her sleeve and couldn't get it out!"

DENTISTS always look down in the mouth.

IN THE WRONG COACH.
Casey (who had bought a berth in the sleeper)—"How th' mischief do they expict a mon to stretch out an' take a good noight's rist in wan av thim things?"

THE FOOD OF LOVE.

Maggie—"It wuz de swellest dance I ever attended."
Katie—"An' de music?"
Maggie—"Soulful! Dey had a phonergraff most ez big ez dat barrel."

GOT WHAT HE COULD.

THE GREAT specialist's patient, after many weeks of treatment, had at last been declared cured of an "incurable" disease, and with a grateful feeling he asked the physician the amount of his bill.

"That depends, my dear sir," said the specialist. "Whenever I treat a man I always make it a point to determine his occupation and how large a family he has to support. Then I make out my bill accordingly. May I ask what you do for a living?"

"I am a poet," replied the patient soulfully.

"In that case," said the physician, "if you will give me the money in cash now, it'll be a dollar and a half."

Murray Hill—"Do you know how to cure a ham?"

East Side—"What's wrong with him?"

A FEW FACTS.

THE child who cried for an hour didn't get it.

Sulphur springs are the best places for match-making.

Pickpockets never succeed till they get their hands in.

Pawnbrokers prefer patrons with no redeeming qualities.

Corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets will save.

The sluggard is referred to the ant, but he goes to his uncle.

All that is requisite in the enjoyment of love or sausages is confidence.

A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying and a great deal of lying constitute love.

A man is sometimes in advance of his age, but you never heard of a woman in that condition.

SHE TRUSTED HIM.

Mrs. Casey—"Shure, Dr. Mack, ye did so well by Felix, takin' out his appindex, Oi've brought ye me youngest."
Eminent surgeon—"Well, and what seems to be the matter with him?"
Mrs. Casey—"Dandruff, sor."

LOCATED.

"YOU SAY that the cook assaulted you?" inquired the judge.

"He did—kicked me, your honor."

"Where did he kick you?"

"In the pantry."

WHOLE TRUTH.

Witness—"I saw a man with one eye named Wilkins."

Lawyer—"What was the name of the other eye?"

IT was rush-hour in the subway. Martin Luther hung wearily from a strap. "Here stand I," he said. "God help me, I can do no otherwise."

A FINISHED ANIMAL PAINTER.

HEARD EVERY SPRING.

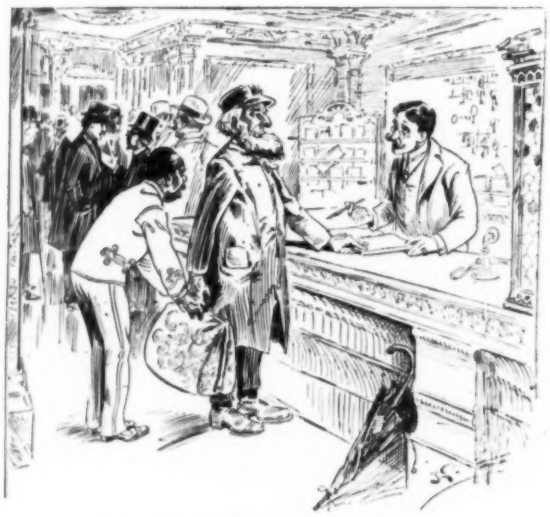
"WHERE you fellers goin'?"
"Fishin', come on."
"Na, t' cold."
"It's bound to warm up by noon."
"Haven't got no bait."
"We got 'nuff. Come on."
"Too much work to-day, boys."
"Be work here after you're dead."
"Fish ar'n't bitin', anyway."
"Wind's just right to-day."
"Wouldn't catch a fin 'f I went."
"We'll have a devil of a picnic, anyway."
"Where'll I meet you fellers."
"Down to Art's place. Drop in."
"Sure thing; ten minutes."

A SELF-ANSWERING CONUNDRUM.

"WHAT is the difference," asks our friend, "between the men who crowd a theatre to see the ballet and the girls on the stage?"

"And the answer?" we inquire.

"All the girls look alike and all the men like a look."



BALKED AT THE BUBBLING.

David Hayson (from Placidville)—"Ye don't mean tet tell me there's runnin' water in *ev'ry* room?"
Hotel clerk (amused)—"I certainly do, sir."
David Hayson—"Then I guess as how I'll have ter hunt up a quieter tavern, mister. I could never git no sleep in this place with all thet there tricklin' an' splashin' goin' on."

ONE KIND OF AFFINITY.

HER name was Josephine—
A country lass and sweet,
And innocent and beautiful
As any you might meet.

I courted her, of course.
Why should I not? Should one,
In rural districts, when he sees
A maid, turn round and run?

I asked her to be mine
Forever and for aye.
She shook her pretty head in grief
And sadly murmured, "Nay.

"I am bespoke, fair sir,"
She said; "but I might be,
Quite in the proper way, of course,
Your Josephine-ity."

W. J. LAMPTON.

APRIL FOOL.

THE young man stopped on the walk of a fashionable street and deposited a heavy silk hat near the curb. He set the hat down heavily and arranged something very carefully under it. People came that way and smiled when they remembered it was April 1st and passed on. For hours the ancient tile sat there, and no man offered to even push it aside or kick it. Those who smiled when they passed gazed back long after to see if any one would be fool enough to kick it. But nobody did.

Finally a great crowd gathered about the street, but no one touched the hat. All were waiting for some pedestrian to come along who could not resist the temptation.

After a while the young man worked his way along the crowded street to the hat. He backed off—the crowd making way for him—gave a short run, and kicked the lid far over the heads of the people. Then, stooping, he picked up a bright five-dollar gold-piece from the walk where the hat had been, muttered "April fools!" and went back into the house on the corner.

D. C. S.

A PERVERTED BROMIDIUM.

"OH, GIRLS," exclaimed the gushing maiden on the crowded street-car, "I've just washed my hair and I can't do a thing with it!" Just then the car gave a lurch, and she shrieked as the man in front of her stepped on her foot.

"Beg pardon," muttered the weary strap-hanger who had done the stepping. "You see, I've just washed my feet and I can't do a thing with them."

FIGHTING PROHIBITION.

"WE WILL have to do something to stop this prohibition wave," said the rotund distiller, as he pounded the table fiercely with his clinched fist. "It is an outrage the way those hypocrites are fooling the people. They claim that prohibition prohibits, when I, a distiller, can show you by the internal-revenue receipts that the consumption of liquor is twenty per cent. more than it was ten years ago. Almost all the counties of the nation that are prohibition now permitted the liquor traffic then."

"In that case," said the man with a forehead resembling a mountain slope, "why in the world don't you favor prohibition?"

OPPOSING INTERESTS.

Huntsman—"Our fox took us past Jake's saloon this morning."
Friend—"Yes? Where 'd he go after that?"
Huntsman—"Goodness knows. We lost interest."

TOO LATE.

Gill—"There goes Miss van Coin. I'd like to marry that girl; she's a perfect bank in herself."

Bill—"Sorry, old man, but she has just gone into the hands of a receiver."

DIFFERENT EQUIPMENT.

Student—"We have much in common—in fact, we row in the same boat."

Professor—"Yes, but with what different sculls."

CONSOLATION.

Husband (meekly)—"There's one consolation for us in having my wages reduced, even in the shopping season."
Wife (snappily)—"What's that?"
Husband—"I can be laid up sick without losing so much money."

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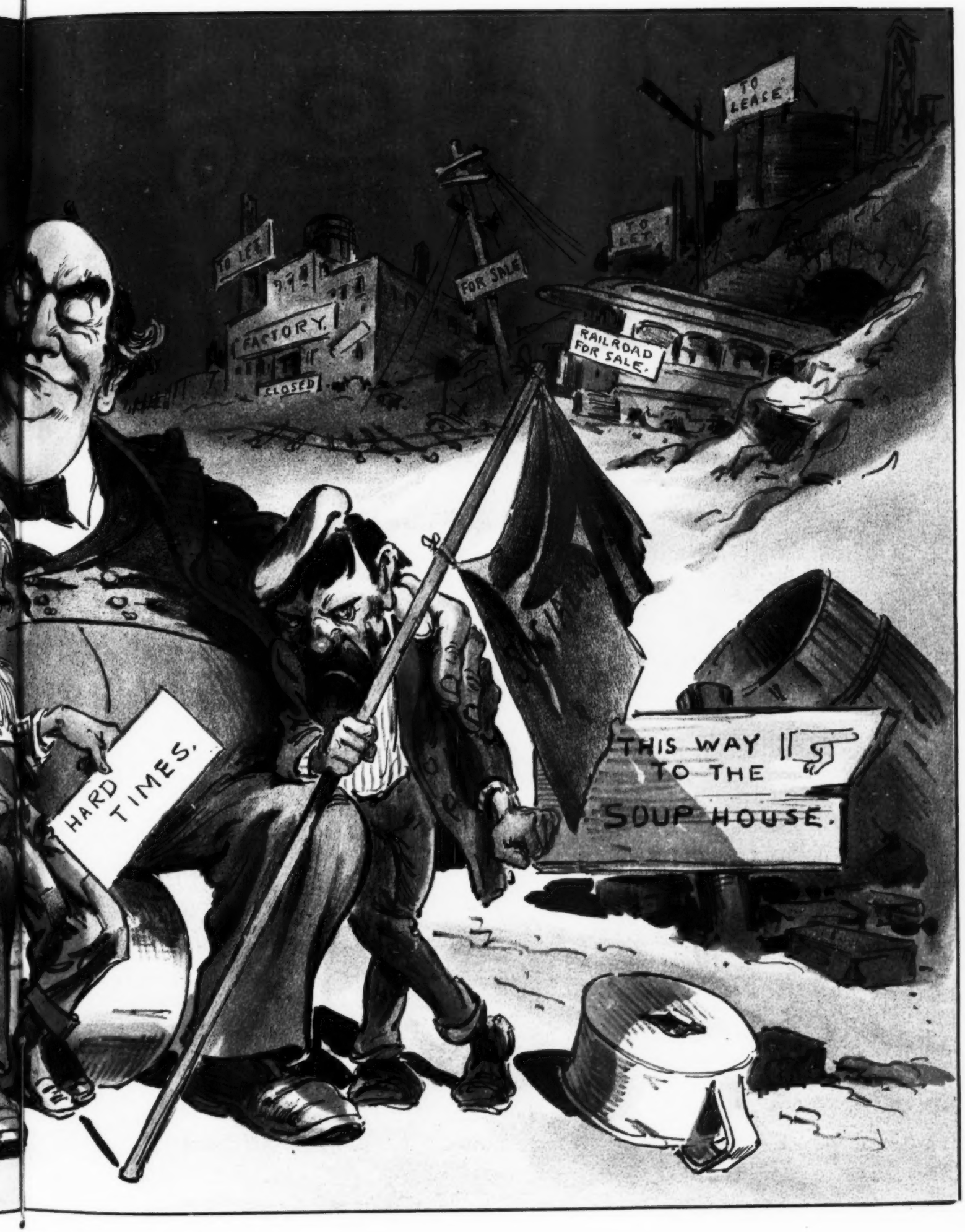
"ME AND MY


TO LET
FACTORY.
CLOSED
FOR SALE
TO LET
TO LEASE
RAILROAD FOR SALE.
HARD TIMES.
THIS WAY TO THE SOUP HOUSE.

D MY PEOPLE"

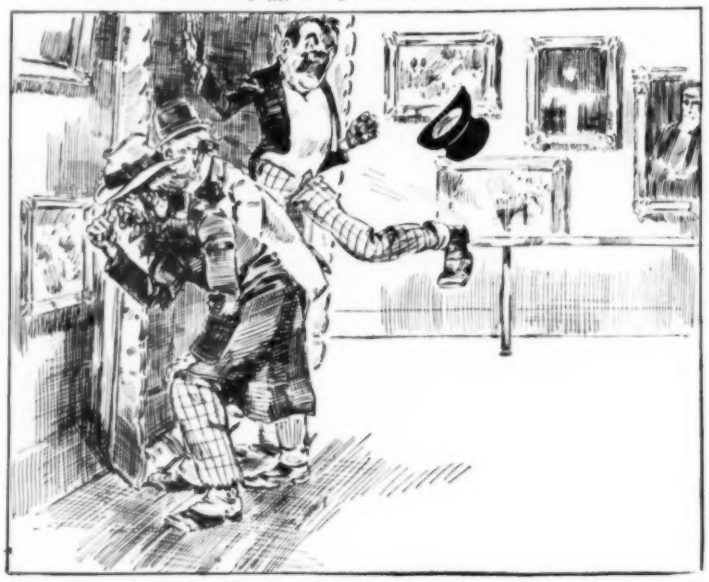
1. *Nervy Nat*—"Well, this is passing strange! Here's the frame labeled 'Napoleon,' but where is Bony? Just stepped out for a 'ball,' I guess. Here's a chance to take his place and prove me ancient claim to Napoleonic ancestry. The contour of my nut is said to be a ringer for his."

2. *Æsthetic maid*—"Here is a wonderful portrait of Napoleon, Blanche. I never saw such marvelous technique! Why, it stands right out from the canvas, and the color, the breadth, and skillful handling are truly remarkable."

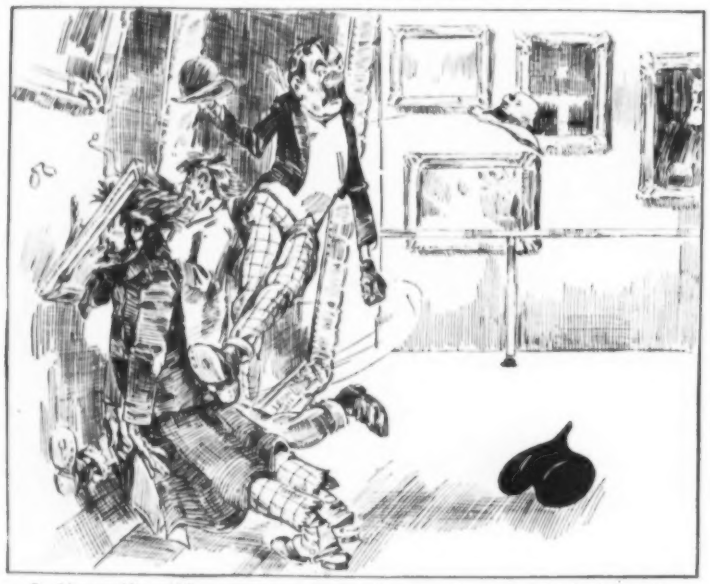
Nervy Nat—"Now, that's all to the paprika. Those two autumn leaves must be art students, to juggle shop talk like that."

3. *Nervy Nat*—"Holy molasses! what have we here—a couple of scarecrow agents?"

Mr. Charles Dana Rembrandt (the painter)—"Napoleon! Huh! Great Scott, Mac! what plumber painted that nightmare? Did you ever behold anything so putrid? The bum drawing, the color, such feeling, and the likeness—why, it looks more like that spavined tramp, Nervy Nat, than Napoleon! The directors of this gallery must have been drunk or crazy to hang such a thing as that. Whuh! Take me away before I am sick!"



4. *Nervy Nat*—"Spavined tramp, hey? I'm all out of drawing, hey? My parallelogram is on the bias, hey? Well, I may not be an Apollo, but I'll be soused if I'm going to have a couple of garret-dwellers tell me of it to my face. Such feeling, hey? Well, you'll feel in two seconds that my leg-reach is all to the spinach. Here's where high art has its back teeth jolted loose."



5. *Nervy Nat*—"I guess these heaven-born geniuses overlooked the fact that Napoleon was a scrapper, and I seem to have imbibed some of the spirit since holding down his job. That's a pretty fair shot for a spavined tramp that's out of perspective."

6. *Attendant*—"Hi! vot you laffin' at? Do you dink you vos py a nicker-minstrel t'eatre alreatty?"

Nervy Nat (between laughs)—"Why, good-morning, Mr. Metwurst! You will pardon my unseeming mirth, but it would be useless to explain, as you could never get it through your gourd. Suffice to say, just gum-shoe over to the north gallery—your services may be required. And, by the way, have you got an unemployed cigar about you? No?"

NO. 41—NERVY NAT TAKES A FALL OUT OF HIGH ART.

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JUDGE'S WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

For the benefit of our women readers in the myriad homes where JUDGE is a favorite, we have entered into an arrangement with the famous editor of "The Perfect Ladies' Companion," Mr. Hik Hok. Any perfect lady among our readers who has troubles of household or heart may go in perfect confidence to Mr. Hok, who will at intervals convey through these pages advice or comfort, as the case may demand.

Dear Mr. Hok: My heart is breaking, for Jack will not tell me whether he ever kissed a girl (not a relative) before he met me. Oughtn't I to insist upon his telling me, if our engagement is to continue? Yours in trouble,

Elfie ——,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Men do enough lying of their own accord, Elfie; don't force them into it.

My dear Mr. Hok: My husband is a daily subscriber to all of the mornipg and evening papers. I read them all earnestly through after he has thrown them aside, but I do not seem to know much more about the world problems of the day than I did before I read them. Does this unfit me for joining our local Women's Suffrage Club?

Wife and Mother,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

You are eminently well fitted, madam, except in one particular. You give your husband first whack at the papers. Educate yourself up to the point of getting them first and letting him wait until you throw them aside. Conquer your fireside first. World problems may wait.

Dear Mr. Hok: My young man and I have had a falling out. Should I eat his candy until we have made it up?

Laura Lane,
Cherrydale P. O., Va.

Some candy will keep and some kinds won't. Send me some of the candy so that I may answer the question intelligently. Speaking generally, one candy in the hand is worth two or three uncaressed caresses.

Dear Mr. Hok: How can I become acquainted, without loss of maidenly modesty, with a gentlemanly-looking fellow-traveler who makes no advances toward me?

Demure,
Springfield, Mass.

Approach him shyly, dear, and pin a rose or any other simple nosegay upon the lapel of his coat. The attention will make him think of his mother, and break the ice at once.

Dear Mr. Hok: I met my divorced husband in a restaurant the other day. Was it proper for me to ask him to pass the butter? And if it should happen again, should I allow myself a repetition of the familiarity?

Eloise ——,
Bridgeport, Conn.

If it should be the same butter, don't ask to have it passed. The fact that he is your former husband will have no effect upon it. If you let it alone it may come to you of its own accord.

Dear Mr. Hok: How can I break my little boy of the habit of scratching his head when he studies his lessons?

Fond Mother,
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Use dog soap. We have found Pratt's the best.

My dear Mr. Hok: I am availing myself of your kind offer to write to you when in trouble for advice. There is a young man that I met some time ago and with whom I am very much in love. He has been very attentive, taking me out about every two weeks; but what worries me is that he also shows attention to other girls—one in particular. He is grand looking; I just wish you could see him. His other lady friend has lots of money and is just using him for a good thing. How would you advise me to make him stop going with her, without letting him think I am jealous, and in that way eventually win his love? Hoping you will consider the matter deeply and let me hear from you very soon, I am, Yours in distress,

Tillie Hill,
St. Louis, Mo.

P. S. Do you believe in girls proposing in leap year?

1. The case is hopeless, Tillie. You may be sure that any man who is being used as "a good thing" by a girl with "lots of money" likes the job. Yours is a waiting part. 2. My beliefs don't make any difference, my dear. They'll do it just the same, leap years and other years. The theory that "man proposes" is a fallacy. He often thinks he does, but it's her work every time.

Ladies, bring your sorrows and perplexities to Mr. Hok. He will help you.

CAIN'S MARRIAGE EXPLAINED.

"I never discuss marriage," said the late Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, "without thinking of an old colored preacher in my state who was addressing his dark-skinned congregation, when a white man rose up in the back of the building.

"'Mr. Preacher,' said the white man.

"'Sir, to you,' said the parson.

"'Mr. Preacher, you are talking about Cain, and you say he got married in the land of Nod after he killed Abel. But the Bible only mentions Adam and Eve as being on the earth at that time. Who, then, did Cain marry?'

"The colored preacher snorted with unfeigned contempt.

"'Huh!' he said. 'You hear dat, brederen and sisters? You hear dat fool question I am axed? Cain, he went to de land o' Nod, just as de Good Book tells us, an' in de land o' Nod Cain gits so lazy an' so shiftless dat he up an' marries a gal o' one o' dem no-'count pore white trash families dat de inspired apostle didn't consider fittin' to mention in de Holy Word.'"—*Philadelphia Record.*

REASONABLE.

"Now, Elsie," said the school teacher, "do you think you can tell me what a panther is?"

"Yeth, ma'am," lisped the little miss. "He ith a man that makths panths."

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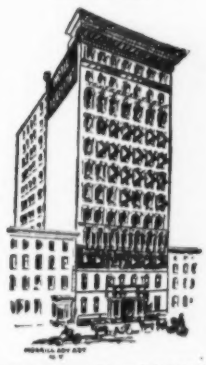

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HARRY L. BROWN
of Hotel Victoria, Boston, and Islesboro Inn.

PROFITING BY OTHERS.

"Some persons have the knack of deriving a comfortable living from the energy of others, while they dodge hard work themselves. By this I do not mean that they practice fraud, but simply that they know how to use their wits legitimately," said a well-known San Francisco lawyer, who is a keen observer.

"I saw a practical illustration of this on the water-front several days ago," he continued. "Two negro boys were selling peanuts, each having charge of a large basket. One was a bundle of energy and kept up an endless 'spiel' as he rushed hither and thither in quest of customers.

"'Here yuh go, here!' he would shout, 'red-hot peanuts, fi' cents a bag. On'y fi' cents a bag, here; red-hot peanuts. Here yuh go, here!'

"The other chap, comfortably ensconced on a box, would wait until the first one had to pause to catch his breath, when he would chip in with a monotonous singsong:

"'Heah too, heah too!'"—*San Francisco Call.*

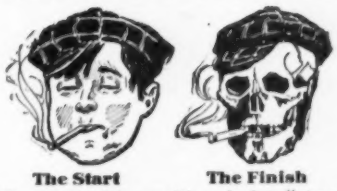
To dodge his creditors required
Such vigilance and vim,
An auto car he went and hired,
And now they're dodging him.

BUTTERMILK.

"Which is the cow that gives the buttermilk?" innocently asked the young lady from the city, who was inspecting the herd with a critical eye.

"Don't make yourself ridiculous," said the young lady who had been in the country before and knew a thing or two. "Goats give buttermilk."

TOBACCO KILLS



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Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips, always light and cool and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. I make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded and I have put my price so low that any body, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, I make it to your order send it to you you wear it and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to me and I will refund your money. The banks or any responsible citizen in Marshall will tell you that is the way I do business always absolutely on the square, and I have sold to thousands of people this way for the past five years. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. I just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

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HAD SHOWED HIM THE RIGHT WAY.

The colored boy was up in the children's court for the fifth time on charges of chicken stealing. This time the magistrate decided to appeal to the boy's father.

"Now see here, Abe," said he to the old darky, "this boy of yours has been up in court so many times for stealing chickens that I'm sick of seeing him here!"

"Ah don' blame you, sah," returned the father; "Ah's sick ob seein' 'im hyah, too!"

"Then why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way, and he won't be coming here!"

"Ah has showed 'im de right way, sah," declared the old man earnestly; "Ah has suttenly showed 'im de right way, but he somehow keep gittin' caught comin' 'way wid dose chickens!" —*Woman's Home Companion.*

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters in half grape fruit, after sugar is added, makes delightful morning tonic. Try it to-morrow.

THEY CAN'T HELP IT.

Bill—"Swimmers are the hardest people to suit."

Jill—"How so?"

Bill—"Why, you'll find them kicking if the water is warm, and kicking if the water is cold."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

PROMPT ACTION.

Molly—"When you spoke to father, did you tell him you had $500 in the bank?"

George—"Yes."

Molly—"And what did he say?"

George—"He borrowed it."—*Sketchy Bits.*

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NEEDED PROFANE AID.

Vicar—"John, do you—er—ever use strong language?"

John (guardedly)—"Well, sir, I—I may be a little bit keerless like in my speech at times."

Vicar—"Ah, I'm sorry, John. But we will converse about that some other time. Just now I want you to go to the plumber's and settle this bill for four pounds ten for thawing out a water-pipe. And you might just talk to the man in a careless sort of way, as if it were your own bill."—*Punch*

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best cough remedy for adults and children. It cures the cold that hangs on. 25c.

"The manager always keeps back a portion of the villain's salary." "Why does he do that—afraid he'd skip?" "No; but he always acts his part better when he's mad."—*Ex.*

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No relapses. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms.
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SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY
Each capsule bears the name MIDY
Beware of counterfeits.
Sold by all druggists.

HIS CHOICE.

He used to dance with Annabel, who walzed with witching grace;
He called upon Elizabeth, who had a pretty face;
And Aurelie he much admired—she'd written once a book—
But oh, he married Mary Ann, for she knew how to cook!

He brought bouquets to Beatrice and bonbons to Babette,
The songs once sung by Sylvia he thought he ne'er forget;
He oft made love to Lilian in cozy-corner nook—
But, oh, he married Mary Ann, for she knew how to cook!

The maids who dance and sing and play, and dress in stylish clothes,
Who smile and flirt, and oft coquette, all have their share of beaux;
But when in earnest for a bride the swain begins to look,
'Tis Mary Ann who wins the game, for she knows how to cook!
—*Woman's Home Companion.*

A PLEASING THOUGHT.

At the cabin of a Tennessee settler where I stopped over night, says a traveler, they told me of a widow living three miles away who, finding that the body of her husband had been petrified after lying in the ground for five of six years, had sold it to a showman for $50 in cash. The people were not at all sentimental, but they didn't look upon the transaction as just right.

Next day, as I journeyed along, I stopped at the house of the widow named for a glass of water. When she learned where I had stayed over night she asked:

"Did they tell you about my dead husband turning to stone?"

"Yes."

"And about my selling him to a show?"

"Yes."

"And they don't think it was right?"

"Oh, they didn't say much."

"But I know what they have said to others and how they feel about it. Mebbe it wasn't jest the right thing to do, but I'll tell you what's in my mind. If I kin get an offer from a rich man I'll marry again, and the first thing after that I'll buy Jim's body back and use it for a gate-post and have him near me all the rest of my life!"—*Kansas City Independent.*

REAL FEELING.

"There have been times," said the actor-manager, "when I have shed real tears." "Ah, when you have been in great sympathy with the part you were playing," suggested the matinee girl. "No; when I've had my own money in the show," replied the actor-manager, with a tinge of sad remembrance in his tone.—*Philadelphia Record.*

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At Home Without Pain, Plaster or Operation and I Tell You How, Free.

I Have Proven Cancer Can be Cured at Home No Pain, No Plaster, No Knife.—Dr. Wells.

I have discovered a new and seemingly unfailing remedy for the deadly cancer. I have made some most astonishing cures. I believe every person with cancer should know of this marvelous medicine and its wonderful cures, and I will be glad to give full information free to all who write me and tell me about their case.

Peter Keagan, Galesburg, Ill., had cancer of the mouth and throat. Doctors said "no hope." Mr. Keagan wrote: "It is only a question of a short time—I must die." To-day his cancer is healed up and he is well. My marvelous radiatized fluid did it. It has other just such cures to its credit. It is saving people every day and restoring them to health and strength. If you have cancer or any lump or sore that you believe is cancer, write to-day and learn how others have been cured quickly and safely and at very small expense. No matter what your condition may be, do not hesitate to write and tell me about it. I will answer your letter promptly, giving you, absolutely free, full information and proof of many remarkable cures. Address, Dr. Rupert Wells, 3295 Radol Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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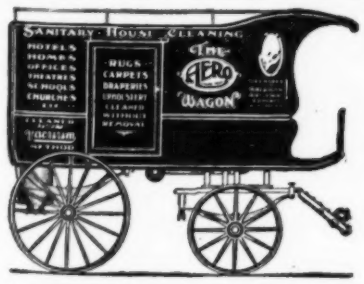
Victim—"Must I really undergo an operation? Suppose it does not succeed?"

Doctor—"You won't know it!"—*New York Telegram.*



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If you don't care to buy, perhaps you can sell for us. Big commissions to live agents who can find customers for our wagon outfits. Particulars to those who mean business and can furnish references.

We also Install stationary vacuum cleaning plants in residences and public buildings of all kinds.

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ODDS EVEN.

Third-floor tenant—"See here! I'm one of a committee of men in this apartment, and I've called to ask you to sell your flute."

Second-floor tenant—"Delighted to see you. I'm one of another committee, and was about to go up and ask you if you'd sell your baby."—*Lippincott's.*

"PRICKLY HEAT."

"You know that bunch of cacti at the end of that little plaza in Suisun?" inquired a guest at the St. Francis, addressing Ray Baker, of Goldfield.

"Never been in Suisun."

"Well, it's 'bout's big round as those two davenports and 'bout so high, and as thick with bristles as an unshaved miner."

"Yes; I've seen cactus galore."

"But this bunch was planted by a fellow named Louis Pierce, kind of the whole thing up there in Suisun. One night I was up there, Saturday night, too. Big fellow had awful sizz on, backed over into the cactus. Came back into the bar and said, 'Shay, barchenger, you gottanything's good fer zuh prickly heat? I got prickly heat, or hives, or sumthin'; feels like thousand needles stickin' me all up an' zoun zuh back. Feel all stuck up.'"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

WOULDN'T HE, THOUGH!

Judge (to prisoner just condemned to death)—"You have the legal right to express a last wish, and if it is possible it will be granted."

Prisoner (a barber)—"I should like just once more to be allowed to shave the district attorney."—*Boston Globe.*

On Every Tongue

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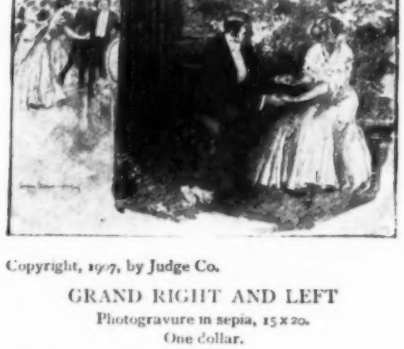

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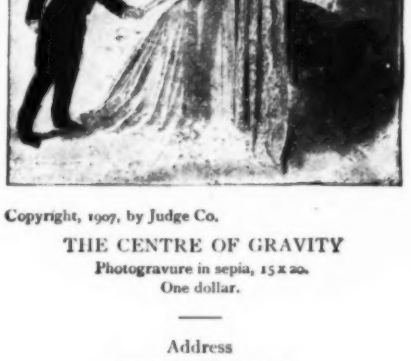

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ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER

A woman would like to be a duchess so she could dress up to her position.

THE DRAMA.

Friend—"Why do you want to put out another musical comedy? Won't it interfere with the one you have on the road already?"

Manager—"Not at all. This one advertises the Punko cigar, while the other advertises a breakfast food."—Chicago Journal.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

When a man wishes he had a lot of money it's a sign there wouldn't be any more for him to spend on himself if he had a family.

Everybody believes in a square deal unless it's for some one besides himself.—New York Press.

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A QUESTION FOR THE COLLEGE PROFESSORS.

JUDGE deeply regrets to report that its call for a new and important problem to place before our jaded American college professors has been taken in what might be termed a frivolous spirit. From Richmond, Indiana, comes the calm assertion, "I think I can hand out one that will wrinkle their brows and cause blue patches under the eyes if taken every two hours. If sugar is ten cents per sixteen pounds, how much calico at five cents per yard will it take to make an elephant a shirt-waist suit?" A lady in Baltimore propounds the following: "Granted that the hen is an egg-oist; does it follow that the heifer is a coward?" We are grateful to these two, and to the many other helpful friends, but questions such as these have already occupied too much of the time of our colleges. Must JUDGE call again?

TUT, TUT!

Church—"What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?"

Gotham—"My wife put it there to remind me to mail a letter."

Church—"And did you mail it?"

Gotham—"No; she forgot to give it to me!"—*The Congregationalist.*

DR. LONG OUTDONE.

A French naturalist has discovered that snails snore. Dr. Long, drop to second place in the class. *Cleveland Leader*

Timid child (who has just been assured of the company of the angels in the dark) "Ye-e-s, but, mummy, couldn't you have the angels, and leave me the candle?" *Punch.*

AS BRITISH "PUNCH" SEES US.

MORE FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

Fair American (hearing the dinner-gong)—"Guess, pop, you'd better jump into a boiled shirt. There goes the hash-hammer!"

TWO VERY DIFFERENT PLACES.

She (dismally)—"So this is the Paris we read about!"

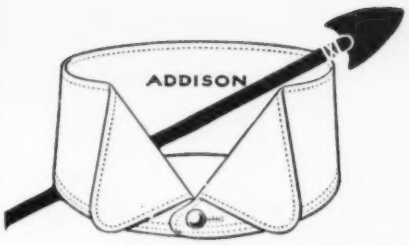
He—"Oh, no; this is Paris."

A SPORTSMAN, PROBABLY.

A man of St. Joseph, Mo., relates a story in connection with a spiritualistic meeting once held in that town. A man named Daniel Miller, who was some six feet seven inches in height, had died recently.

The spirit of Daniel was called for by some one at the seance mentioned. When it had appeared and announced its readiness to reply to any questions, some one asked:

"Are you in heaven?"



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"Yes," came from the shade of Daniel.

"Are you an angel, Dan?"

"Yes."

At this juncture the questioner paused, having apparently exhausted his fund of questions. But to the amusement of all he suddenly added: "And what do you measure from tip to tip?"—*Kansas City Independent.*

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that is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

A STRONG TRIO.

"With Mr. Onion running for congress in Texas and Mr. Leake already there, we only need Mr. Garlic to complete the trio," says the Augusta *Herald.* All right; here he is. Mr. Garlick is a candidate in Louisiana. *Washington Herald.*

They should come in bunches—three for a scent.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

IN EBERLE'S ART STORE.

Customer—"Have you an oil painting of John D. Rockefeller?"

Clerk—"No, ma'am; no one has. He has never been done in oil."—*Ex.*

NOT MUCH.

Mother—"Dear me, the baby has swallowed a piece of worsted."

Father—"That's nothing to the yarns she'll have to swallow if she lives to grow up."—*Bronx News.*

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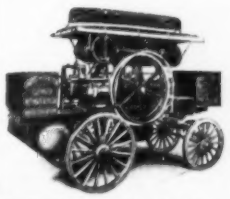

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Judge

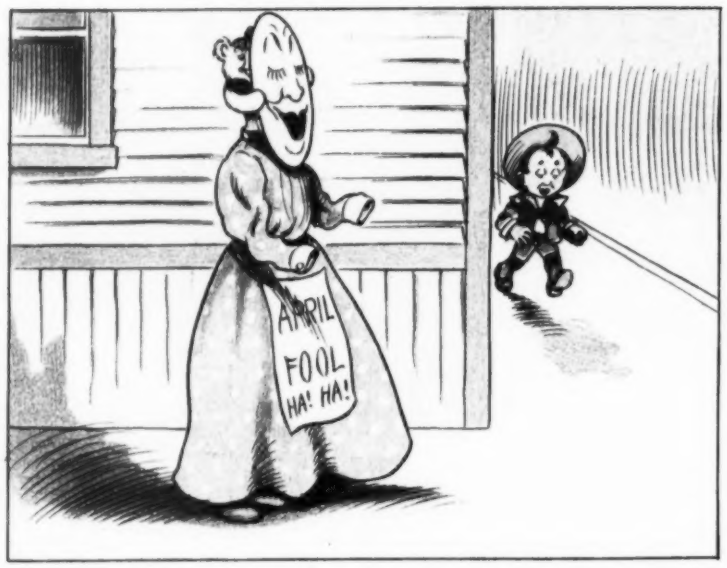
LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

THEIR APRIL FOOL WORKED VERY WELL, UNTIL THE WHOLE CONTRAPTION FELL.

1. One day in March John went to roam
And meanly left the Teds at home.
They plot and plan to do their worst
And have revenge on April First.

2. With huge delight they plan a way
And get to work without delay;
And when they are at last set free
They seek the Postman joyfully.

3. On April first they hustle 'round
Until a full costume is found;
With squeals they carry out their plan,
And fill the dress as best they can.



4. The clothes without, the bears within,—
The mask on top with friendly grin;
Such is the maiden coy and bonny,—
A lovely April fool for Johnny.

5. When Johnny's sweetheart met his view,
It very nearly scared him blue.
She ran at him with manner pert,
And stepped, alas, upon her skirt.

6. It spilled the Teddys in a heap,
And left them looking rather cheap.
"Hooray" cried John, and danced with glee,
"The April fool ain't all on me."

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